

Tuffles

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Summary: Pan's sister, Setsumo, has become a Tuffle like her parents and the rest of her family. Feeling nothing but hostility towards her sister, grandfather, and all non-Tuffles, she helps Baby and the other Tuffle citizens make Tuffles the dominant race in not just Earth, but the universe.

Tuffles

Dragon Ball GT

Disclaimer: This anime/manga does not belong to me, but to its respective creators. This idea has been in my mind for a while, so I decided to test it out. This takes place during the 'Baby-Tuffle' saga, as I like to call it, where everyone except Pan, Goku, Uub, Buu, and Mr. Satan, and the Kais are under Baby's control. But, what if, in this one, Pan wasn't the only daughter of Gohan and Videl? Pan's sister Setsuomo falls under Baby's control as well. What happens when Setsuomo goes with her family to Tuffle planet to fulfill Baby's wish? This takes place a little bit before episode 28: A Worldwide Problem.

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><p>Chapter 1- Tuffle Setsumo<p>

It felt like I could see clearly now. Ever since I had been reborn by Lord Baby only a few moments before, I felt like a whole new Setsumo. One who doesn't affiliate herself with filthy Saiyans. One who would do anything to help Lord Baby create a new race of Tuffles with most of my family by my side. I'm so glad most of my family are here; Grandma, Dad, Mom, Uncle Goten, Bulma, and everyone else on Earth. I wish my sister and grandpa could be here to experience this glorious transformation, but they were too busy gathering the black star dragon balls trying to save the Earth.

My thoughts were interrupted when I heard my mother's voice from

behind me.

"Setsumo, would you mind helping me and your grandmother set the table?" she asked with a smile on her face.

"Sure", I responded with a smile in return as I moved myself from the chair at the kitchen table, and went to grab plates from the cabinet. I slowly grabbed three plates, which would be the right amount I could handle, and moved to set them down on the table in each designated space. Mom and Grandma had assigned themselves the dishes. Grandma was washing the dishes while Mom was busy drying them.

I was setting the silverware when we heard the door open and Grandpa's voice cry out, "Chi-Chi, I'm home!"

"Mama, Setsumo, I'm home! Wait 'till you hear all about my trip! I actually recovered every single dragon ball all by myself!" That was my sister Pan. Always thinking she did everything by herself, not admitting that Grandpa and Trunks helped some, too. But now was not the time to be focusing on a Saiyan. I had to finish helping to prepare the food for the rest of our family.

"Hey, Mama?" Pan said as she ran to hug Mom, who was busy helping Grandmother with the dishes. "I missed you!" She then turned to me and said happily, "You too, Setsumo!" But we continued to ignore her, doing our assigned activities.

"Chi-Chi, I am absolutely famished!" That was Grandpa, always hungry. "Please tell me you're making dinner soon."

No one replied.

"Hey, Mama, Grandpa gave the dragon balls to Dende so he could hide them at Kami's lookout."

Granpda sat down at the table and went to reach for the food when Grandma smacked his hand with a large scooping spoon. Who did he think that food was for, _him?! _He must be out of his mind! We would never feed his kind!

"Ow! That hurt! What's the matter? Oh yeah! You're mad because I'm still the size of an eight-year-old, right, Chi-Chi?" Grandma gave him a glare before turning around to set a plate of food down on the table. I was busy putting out more forks and napkins when I heard Pan's voice from beside me.

"Setsumo, aren't you excited about my trip? I got the dragon balls, so we can save the Earth!" She continued to grip the bottom of my shirt to gain my attention. It was so annoying to where I had to yank her hand away from me and continued to ignore her. Pan sat down in her chair and from her tone, she sounded glum. Well, not that we cared.

"Oh, Mama, why are you mad? Is it because I went to outer space without your permission? I promise I'll never do that again!"

Pan, you don't get it, do you? You and Grandpa opposed Lord Baby's plans. For that, it's a grave offense.

"Why won't the three of you even say anything to us?" Grandpa

inquired, but we still gave him no answer.

I finally finished setting table, but I removed one of the chairs from the table, sat down, and began to ponder where Dad and Uncle Goten were. They must be doing some important business for our master.

"Uh, hey, Chi-Chi? Are you still angry, because my stomach is barking at me for food! All of this stuff looks so good, I can't wait to dig in!" Shut up, Grandpa! None of this is for you!

"With all the work we've put in to getting the dragon balls, you're treating us as if we've done something wrong." Said Pan. "It's crazy!"

"Hey! I'm dying here! "

Okay, I've had enough. I was about to get up and say something when Grandma put a consoling hand on my arm and then glared at Grandpa and said, "Shut up! There isn't enough food here for either of you Saiyans!"

"What are you talking about?" Grandpa asked as he surveyed the table. "There's enough here for at least four people!"

"You're forgetting me."

We all looked to the door to see Uncle Goten enter the room.

"Hey! Goten! How ya doing, son? Look at you! You've gotten so much bigger since the last time I saw you!" Grandpa got out of his chair and moved happily to Uncle Goten, but Goten raised his hand out to Grandpa as if to attack him.

"All of you Saiyans are such eyesores!" said Uncle Goten wickedly.

"Goten?" Grandpa questioned.

"And don't forget my brother here." Uncle Goten looked towards his left as Dad entered the room with an evil smile on his face as well.

"Ah. It's been a while, eh, Dad?" said Dad.

Pan turned around happily to see Dad, but finally they noticed something different about us.

"Papa!" she exclaimed giddily. Then her expression changed when she saw how Dad regarded her with such cold hostility. "Grandpa, what's going on here?"

"I have no clue, but I know it's not looking to good." Not for you.

They huddled around the table and were blocked by Dad and Uncle.

"Gohan, he should be happy with our find." Said Uncle Goten.

"Yes. I think so. But why don't we have some fun with the two of them until he arrives?" added Dad.

"What do you mean 'he'?" Grandpa asked, and to myself, I added, _You'll find out soon enough. _

Uncle Goten and Dad started powering up, awaiting orders from either Mom or Grandma.

"Papa, Uncle Goten? What are you about to do?" Pan asked with terror-stricken fear on her face, and then turned to the three of us for help. I had already gotten up from my seat by the wall and moved by Grandma and Mom to face Grandpa and Pan with a cold stare. They were not one of us. Anyone who opposes Lord Baby's plans is not one of us, but a traitor. Whether Pan is my sister or not, I cannot allow her foolish actions to continue.

"Hey, Mama, Grandma Chi-Chi, Setsumo?" Pan cried, looking to us for an explanation, but all she got was Grandma's cold command to her sons.

"Kill Goku now."

After Dad and Uncle Goten screamed and powered up even more, the house looked as if the house was being destroyed, which in reality, it was.

"Gohan, Goten, what's going on? Are you trying to destroy the city?!" Grandpa asked his children.

"The city?" asked Uncle Goten. "Try the entire planet!"

"We're gonna blow this planet away with the rest of you guys!" elaborated Dad.

"What's happened to the two of you since your father's been gone?!" Grandpa asked, before Uncle Goten and Dad sent attacks to both of them as the house was completely demolished, and Mom, Grandma, and I flew out before we were completely enveloped within the blast.

I don't know what the outcome of this is going to be, but I'm so glad I'm here with my real family, and not with my traitorous sister and grandfather.

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><p>I tried! Please review! This is my first time doing a Dragon ball fic ever, so please, constructive criticism! Thank you! Bye-bye!

End
file.